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HOLINESS TO THE LORD

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR



DESIGNED FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE YOUNG. PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH
— EDITOR. —

CONTENTS.

NOVEMBER 15, 1906.

The City Zarahemla and Vicinity (Illustrated)	Joel Ricks	673
Cologne.....	Lydia D. Alder	677
The First Baby.....		680
The Pre-Existence of Man.....		682
Letters to My Boy.....		684
Sister Woodmansee's Death.....		685
Gently Raise the Sacred Strain (A Hymn for Fast Day)		
Words by W. W. Phelps, Music by C. J. Thomas		687
Program of Stake Sunday School Conferences for 1907		688
Russia (Illustrated).....		689
Kindergarten.....		693
Varieties.....		695
General Sunday School Conference.....		696
Our Young Folks:—A Song for Thanksgiving—The Boy Shoemaker of Berryville, XLIII—Letter-Box, etc.		700

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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

VOL. XLI.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, NOVEMBER 15, 1906.

No. 22

THE CITY ZARAHEMPLA AND VICINITY.



WITH this article we present a map of the region where the city Zarahemla is generally supposed to have been located. The purpose of the article is to point out the natural features of the region as they are today and to show how perfectly they meet the requirements of the Book of Mormon.

There is no detailed geographical de-

scription of the city Zarahemla and vicinity given in the Book of Mormon, and all that we know of it is gleaned from casual reference in describing certain events. Thus we have the hill Manti spoken of in connection with the execution of Nehor the anti-Christ. From the description of the war with the Amlicites we learn that that city was west of the Sidon river, that the hill Amnihu was east of the Sidon, that the valley of Gideon was east of the hill Amnihu and about one day's journey from the city Zarahemla, that the land Minon was about one day's journey south of Zarahemla, that the Hermounts wilderness, which was infested by wild animals, was northwest of the city Zarahemla and within a short distance of the city. During Alma's missionary tour he visited



LOOKING DOWN THE HILL MANTI.



PLAINS OF ZARAHEMPLA, LOOKING WEST.

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Melek, which was by the wilderness side west of Zarahemla. The Nephites were an agricultural people, and it would be but natural to expect that they would locate their communities in districts favorable for agricultural pursuits. Thus where Minon was located above Zarahemla, and where Melek was situated on the wilderness side, must have been agricultural districts.

ridge which parallels the river for several miles southward, where they sink down to the level of the plain. The hill on the west dominates all of the other hills on the west side of the river, and for this reason I have called it the hill Manti.



THE CROSSING OF THE SIDON, LOOKING SOUTH-EAST.

From this hill we are able to overlook the surrounding country and can take in at a glance all of its prominent features. Let us ascend the hill then, and look around.

To the north we trace the course of the Sidon for several miles and see it dash itself angrily against the great boulders in its path. To the west of the river, not two miles from the hill Manti, is a flat topped hill or mesa sloping back westward to the foot of the mountains. North of the mesa is the forest region to which we have given the name, Wilderness of Hermounts, because it answers so perfectly the description of the wilderness into which the Lamanites were driven after the battle at the crossing of the Sidon. All along the western horizon are the great mountains. West of the hill Manti, the slopes rise gradually for several miles back. As these slopes bear evidence of having supported a numerous population in the distant past, I have located the land Melek there. South of the mesa as we look west from the Si-

don we see several hills rising in succession in terraces very similar to the bench terraces about Logan and Provo and in other parts of Utah. These terraces expand into broad pastures, widening and lengthening as you go westward; they extend to the grassy slopes of Melek twenty miles or more from the Sidon. South of the terraced plains and extending back from the hill Manti to the great mountains are a large number of isolated sandstone ridges, which extend southward several miles. All through this hilly region are open, level spaces, glens and valleys. South of the hilly region are the broad plains of Minon, and away beyond in the dim distance is the ridge of hills which crosses the valley and which divides the land Minon from the land Manti. All along the eastern horizon stretching away in a south-south-easterly direction is the hill Amnihu proper. The hill rises nearly 2,000 feet above the valley, and were it not that it is dwarfed by the giant mountains which surround the valley it would be a pretty respectable



THE HILL EAST OF THE SIDON.

mountain. This hill, where it divides the valley of Gideon from the Sidon, is a narrow ridge and is so steep that where the Bogota trail crosses it, the road zigzags back and forth for a considerable distance

to reach the summit, and is so steep that it is difficult to ride a mule up it.

The Alto del Trigo, or hill of the wheat, which forms the eastern boundary of the valley of Gideon, is not visible from the hill Manti. The valley of Gideon is in a southeast direction from the hill Manti, and in a direct course is about fifteen miles distant; by the trail it is called twenty miles. Between the hill Amnihu and the Sidon is a comparatively level region, six or seven miles wide and fifteen or more miles long, which is really a part of the Minon valley. To the northwest of the hill Manti is a broken mountainous country. With the exception of the Wilderness of Hermounts the hills and plains are free from timber except along the creeks and rivers, which are usually fringed with trees.



CASTLE ROCK, WILDERNESS OF HERMOUNTS.

There are indications that some time in the past the channel of the Sidon north of the mesa was in some manner blocked up, causing the waters of the river to back up making a lake of all of the valley region south of the mesa. It was apparently at a time when the earth was agitated by those internal forces which have wrought such great changes in the earth's surface in past ages. This is proven by the fact that the terraces are composed of volcanic ashes or scoria, which has been washed down by the Gauli river from the mountains on the west. Between thirty and forty miles southwest of the hill Manti is the volcanic cone of Tolima. The Gauli has its source in the glaciers that cover the

slopes of this mountain. During a period of eruption the ashes were thrown out and gathered by the Gauli and its tributaries and deposited in the terraces as indicated. The lesser and lower terraces were formed as the river assumed its old channel.

There are several creeks which rise in the hilly region south of the mesa, and which empty into the Guali. These have cut deep, narrow channels through the terraces. The banks of the creeks are perpendicular, and vary in height from twenty-five to one hundred feet. I mention these details for the reason that I believe the Nephites utilized these natural barriers in preparing the defenses of their city.

We believe the city Zarahemla occupied the greater part of the mesa, and the plains south of it, and probably the glens and valleys of the adjoining hilly country. In using the word *city* we do not use it in the sense that it is used by us, i. e., of a compact city, but to distinguish the lesser land Zarahemla from the country Zarahemla. In a former article I expressed the opinion that the Nephites lived in communities, and that each home was surrounded by a tract of land which was cultivated by the family. We arrived at this conclusion after studying the terraced cities in the east wilderness. At some central point in the community was the temple and the market where the people met to worship and to exchange their wares. This condition evidently prevailed at Zarahemla during the reign of the second Mosiah, for he tilled the ground for his support; and when the people assembled at the temple, they brought their tents and camped in the open space about the sacred building. As late as 30 B. C. Nephi had a garden about his house in Zarahemla, which was by the highway which led to the chief market. The term highway is rarely applied to a city street, but both garden and highway would be appropriate terms in a community.

Frequent reference is made in the Book of Mormon to the fortifications about Nephite cities. While some of the cities may have been enclosed by earth walls, on the top of which were palisades of timber, we are of the opinion that in most instances forts were erected at convenient points as places of resort in case of attack. In the case of Zarahemla, the site indicated is very favorable for defense against the primitive methods of warfare then in vogue. The southern limits are protected by the deep channels of the creeks referred to. In two places the writer saw evidences that a palisade had been erected along the edge of the steep terrace. On the north the mesa is protected by the deep channels of a turbulent river and the almost impassable forest.

We are of the opinion that the Sidon was formerly fordable at the point where the rapids begin; but a rope suspension bridge of the Peruvian type could be swung across the river between the two hills. An iron bridge now spans the river there.

A careful perusal of the map will reveal the fact, that the region answers every requirement of the Book of Mormon. The locations of the lands and cities harmonize

perfectly with the geographical features of the country. Formerly Minon was supposed to have been two days' journey south of Zarahemla. We now know that it was only one day's journey between the two points. The movements of the armies during the Amlicite war can be pretty accurately traced, and those movements are along routes that now, as then, are the most natural and accessible. In Nephite times, the road between Zarahemla and the east wilderness passed through the valley of Gideon. The road between these points passes through that valley today. The road to the land Manti ran along the east bank of the Sidon, the road from Honda to the upper Magdalena follows that route now.

We know but very little of the Land Zarahemla. It is only within four years that any of our people have visited it. The observations that have been made are only superficial. Yet a good deal of information has been obtained. A more careful study of the country will add further information, until we shall know certainly many of the details of Nephite history, especially that part of it relating to the geography of their country.

Joel Ricks.

COLOGNE.



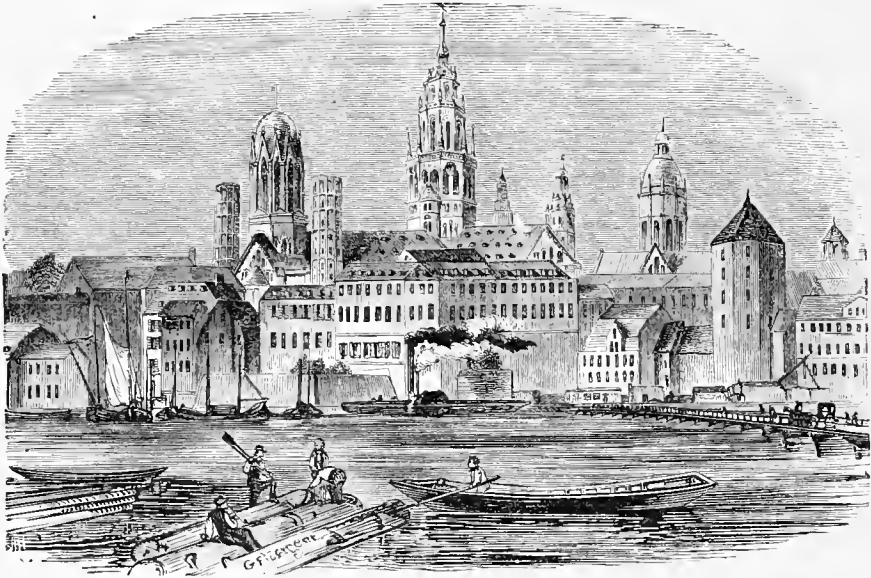
WE left Elberfeld early in the afternoon. Before our train reached the curve we could see Dusseldorf, the first city on the Rhine. How pretty it looks, with its shipping and bowers of green, dense foliage, almost hiding the houses from sight.

Everyone stands to see the Falls of the Rhine at Schaffhausen. As Americans, we may justly feel proud of our Niagara, with its sweep of mighty waters; but this

scene is picturesque, romantic, beautiful. There is about it a delicate, bewitching, thrilling beauty, without volume or great majesty, that touches the chord of inspiration. Fascinating is the surging torrent. Reaching the ledge of rock, it moves madly backward, ere it makes its final leap over, followed by other waters that ceaselessly plunge on and on; surging here and dashing there. Clouds of spray rise high over the billows, where, penetrated by gorgeous rays of light, it reflects a thou-

sand changing shades of color. Then for miles and miles the road lies through the Black Forest—a region which may well attract the readers of romance, since it has been the scene of many of the legends which abound in German literature. In the forest itself there is nothing imposing. It is spread over a large tract of country. Sometimes we were in the forest, dense on either side of us, causing a semi-darkness; then we would come to an open space, where there were a few houses near to-

obstacles to the passage of a railroad. If it were only one high mountain, it could easily be tunneled, but instead of a single range that has to be passed, the Forest is broken up into immovable hills, detached from each other, hereby only a few points of contact can be obtained as a natural bridge for a road to pass over. In order to avoid too abrupt ascents and descents, the road twists and turns in endless contortions. Sometimes we can see it at three different points at the same time, above us or be-



COLOGNE.

gether, or a village. Everything is so primitive, and they seem far away from the world at large.

The most remarkable thing about it all is the railroad itself, which is indeed a wonderful piece of engineering. It was constructed by the same engineer who built a tunnel through the Alps, under Mount Cenis, nearly eight miles long, through which pours the great travel between France and Italy. Here his task was different, but not less difficult. The formation of the country presents many

low us, winding hither and thither in a most extraordinary manner, as in a labyrinth. Within a short distance we passed through thirty-seven tunnels. One could almost imagine our engine to be a wild animal, puffing and screaming with excitement, rushing in every direction, and even thrusting his head into the earth to escape pursuers. At length it seems to plunge through the side of a mountain and escapes down the valley.

Now we are in a land of streams, where mighty rivers begin their course. That

brook, which the little barefoot urchin could wade across, is the beginning of the longest river in Europe, which rising here among the hills of the Black Forest, winds its way south and east, till it floats past the Austrian capital as the rolling blue Danube, and bears the commerce of an empire to the Black Sea. Thus interesting is all the way to Cologne, which we reach after nightfall. But we have a card to a good hotel not far from the station, which we easily find. Elder Alder at once sets out to find the Elders, who join us next day in a visit through the city.

Cologne is the largest and most important city on the Rhine. It has a population of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, is a free port, is a first class fortress, and has a garrison of over seven thousand men, and is the residence of an archbishop. Its first inhabitants were the Ubii, a tribe who had settled on the right bank of the Rhine at Tiuts (now called Deutz), but who were driven by Marcus Agrippa across the river. This tribe was partially civilized, and even at that early age possessed numbers of ships on the Rhine. In A. D. 51, Agrippina, daughter of Germanicus, mother of Nero, and wife of Claudius Caesar, induced her husband to establish at Cologne, which was her birthplace, a camp of Roman veterans, giving it the name of Colonia Agrippinensis, from which the city took its name. A few fragments of the walls of this camp are still visible, and numerous Roman remains have been found in the city.

Even the present inhabitants betray a distinctly Roman type, very much differing from the heavy cast of features common to the people of North Germany. Of this Roman descent, the citizens of Cologne are exceedingly proud. The robes of office of the burgomaster of the town, even up to the close of the last century, were precisely similar to the consular toga;

they were attended by lictors, and the town banners bore the inscriptions, "S. P. Q. C."—an imitation of the ancient Roman standards. The emperors Trajan, Vitellius and Silvanus assumed the imperial purple at Cologne, and the latter was assassinated in its capitol.

The first bridge across the Rhine was a bridge of boats built by Cæsar, which was replaced by a magnificent stone bridge constructed by Constantine the Great. This bridge was destroyed by Archbishop Bruno in 964, who used the materials in the building of the church of St. Pantallon. The bishopric of Cologne was founded in the fourth century, shortly after the conversion of the Emperor Constantine to Christianity. Towards the end of the fifth century the kingdom of the Franks became firmly established in Gaul, and their first Christian king, Clovis, was crowned at Cologne in 508. On the usurpation of Pepin le Gros, after the battle of Fetry, in 687, which gave the deathblow to the Merovingian dynasty, he established his court at Cologne. After his acknowledgment by the Pope, Charlemagne raised the bishop of Cologne to the rank of archbishop in the person of Hildebold, the emperor's chaplain. This prelate built the first cathedral church in Cologne, on the foundations of which the present cathedral stands.

In the eleventh century the power of these archbishops had so increased that they laid claim to temporal as well as spiritual jurisdiction over the town, which led to bloody feuds between the citizens and their oppressors, which lasted till the battle of Worrigen in 1288, when the archbishop and his ally, the Duke of Gueldres, were totally defeated, and the archiepiscopal residence transferred to Brühl (Bree). The troubles of the city did not cease here, as violent conflicts broke out between the town guilds and the nobles, and also between the nobles themselves, which re-

sulted in the guilds obtaining the upper hand.

After the formation of the Hanseatic League, in the thirteenth century, Cologne became one of its most important members, and carried on an extensive commerce with Italy and the East, as well as with London. The university of Cologne was one of the finest in Germany, and all the arts were cultivated with much success. After the sixteenth century Cologne slowly declined, but remained a free city until

1797, when it was captured by the French. In 1815, by the treaty of Paris, it was finally annexed to Prussia.

Cologne is annexed to Deutz, its suburb on the right bank of the river, by a bridge of boats fourteen hundred feet long, and an iron tubular bridge, thirteen hundred and fifty feet long, constructed for railway, carriage and passenger traffic. At the Cologne end of the iron bridge is an equestrian statue of Frederick William IV, and on the Deutz end one of William I.

Lydia D. Alder.

THE FIRST BABY.



NOT enough has been said upon this subject, because we do not realize the peculiar predicament of being a first baby. As a matter of fact almost any other has a better chance.

Having no other standards by which to go, young parents are apt to harry their first-born according to their anxieties, or according to rules laid down by cold-blooded scientists, who take merely a paidological view of the situation. Now, far be it from us to cry out against the books, but it is hard on the baby to take them too literally. And so, a few general observations which are the result of experience and common sense will not come amiss to those fathers and mothers who are facing this young phenomena for the first time.

In the first place, do not be alarmed or offended when the friend calls who insists that every baby bears the evidence of an ape ancestry. He will undertake, even at the risk of the child's life, to prove this by showing that it will clasp its tiny hands around his thumb and swing, bearing all its own weight. There is nothing wrong with the child. All babies can do that, and not one of them ever grew into an ape,

whatever they may have grown out of, and this is the only thing that matters. The trouble is with your friend, who takes advantage of new-born stupidity to prove his own hairy-clad ancestry. Some people are that way. They would rather convince you that they descended from an orang-outang than from the greatest hero who ever lived. They belong to that class of clever perverts who are rapidly acquiring monkey-tailed souls. Next, do not attempt to bring the little one up by the clock, whether or no. You can do it, of course, but after all, an automatic digestion which depends upon the time of day is not the best kind to have. Besides a child is hungry when it is hungry, whether the clock confesses the right hour or not, and it should be nourished. The fat, old-fashioned baby was brought up by this plan, and he afterwards reflected great credit upon the nation and his mother in wars and affairs generally.

If, however, the child cries because it is bored, there is no help for it. Few realize the hardships of infancy from this cause—nothing to do, nothing to think, nothing to remember, and too young to expect—no wonder he sometimes awakens

at midnight to rail at the universe. But have patience, the mood will pass. Presently he will yield once more to his earthly fate and fall asleep with a stronger pair of lungs for having exercised them so well. And do not be afraid to "rock" him to sleep. Some very great men have been thus coddled by their mothers and no evil results have followed. On the other hand some very stupid ones have been sent to sleep according to the modern method of darkness and silence by mothers afraid of addling their brains. A child whose brain is so easily addled will not count for much anyhow.

It is not the cradle that spoils the baby, it is the ideas he gets or fails to get. Coddle him to your heart's content, but watch the impressions you let pass into his little milk-bottle mind. However do not try to make him smile too soon, nor think when he does that it is an evidence of extraordinary intelligence. A kitten can chase its own tail with all the sophistry men employ in a great argument by the time it is four weeks old, which is a far greater evidence of mental development than a human baby's smile. Besides nature never intended that we should be intellectual in infancy, so do not try to teach the little fellow self-control too soon; teach that to yourself and leave him alone as much as possible, remembering that a baby does not need much self-control if everybody else behaves as he should. And in any case you do not know how much patience he has already acquired in learning to endure the mistaken kindnesses of his elders.

And now we come to the most difficult part of the subject—the ethics of infancy, so to speak. Do not burden him with too much of it. You can give a young child a moral indigestion easier than you can any other kind. And it is harder to cure. Do not believe that your beautiful firstborn is depraved, conceived in sin and born in iniquity when he begins to act on the first

idea that comes to him, right or wrong. No child is conceived in sin that is born in holy wedlock. And after that, it is well to bear in mind that a baby is the only kind of human being that can do wrong as innocently as it can do right. Your first duty in teaching is to show the difference without bothering its self-consciousness with an adult conviction. A child may be destroyed spiritually by having thrust upon it a sense of moral obligation out of all proportion to its capacity to perform. The wisest thing to do is to give it a taste for goodness. And this is easy, for all children develop the heavenly mind first if we give them the opportunity, and they preserve it even in the midst of their gross little iniquities. They belong to God in the spirit with a sort of automatic predilection toward the devil in conduct.

And, finally, do not impose duties upon a young child too soon, but once imposed, there should be no release. For it will not be the catechism lesson that he learns at your knee that makes a man of him—many a shiftless wight knows his catechism from end to end—but it will be the duty he performs faithfully day after day till it sits like a golden harness upon his spirit. The little boy who has the "leg ache" whenever he is asked to bring in wood, should not be excused on that account. Do not question the pain, but let him know that the world does not excuse a fellow because his bones ache. When this gets to be a conviction in him, he will have fewer "growing pains." And half the neurotic, over-medicated women owe their cowardly physical condition to the fact that when they were little children they were allowed to stay away from school, excused from common household duties because they had a headache or a cramp somewhere. Every girl child should be taught from the beginning that a woman's heroism consists in snubbing the pains she is heir to, and even those she does not in-

herit. This is her one natural and sure chance to prove her courage, and no mother should neglect to teach her the moral importance of embracing it.

Now these are not the only things to be taught your first born, but they are meant to be beacons along the way you and he have to go. You may, for example, undertake to teach him to tell the truth, but it takes a long time to teach any human being to tell the truth, and a longer time

still about *how* to tell the truth. Some people begin to bungle at it when they are babies confessing their sins, and they bungle it as long as they live. The greatest possible wisdom is required in knowing that one simple thing—*how* to tell the truth, *how* to be honest, without being a fool, *how* to be long suffering, without being a coward, *how* to be just and yet have mercy. Be careful to teach the *How* to your first born.

New York Independent.

THE PRE-EXISTENCE OF MAN.

(BASED ON THE WRITINGS OF ELDER ORSON PRATT.)

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 648.)



WE have now shown that man had a pre-existence in the heavens before the foundation of this world, that he was an intelligent, moral agent, governed by laws, that he kept his first estate, that this earth was organized for his residence, wherein he had the privilege of being associated with a tabernacle or body, that this is the second estate, in which he encounters new trials under new conditions, which, if he overcomes, and keeps the higher laws adapted to this state of being, will prepare him for a further advancement in the attributes and perfections of his Heavenly Father, from whom he originated, and by whom he was begotten, anterior to his present existence; and that the fall was necessary that he might become like the Gods, knowing good and evil, and that redemption was necessary that he might know how to appreciate happiness, by its contrast with misery.

Let us next enquire into the extent of man's capacities. It is almost universally supposed that the capacities of man are finite—that is, limited in their nature, and

that it is impossible for man to acquire a fullness of all knowledge. But this is a false supposition, without the least shadow of foundation. We shall proceed to prove that the capacities of man are not finite but infinite. It may be well for us to define the terms finite and infinite, before we proceed farther. These terms have quite a different sense when used in relation to different things. When used in reference to space or duration, finite signifies space or time included within limits; while infinite signifies boundless space or endless duration. When used in reference to numbers, the first means a limited number and the last a number unlimited, or an endless series of numbers. When applied to knowledge, one means to know only in part while the other is to know in full. When used in reference to capacities, finite signifies a capacity that is stationary, or can only be expanded in a limited degree, while infinite signifies a capacity sufficiently great to grasp a fullness of all knowledge. A being may have an infinite capacity, and still have only a finite knowledge. We know of no beings having only finite capacities. Angels, men, ani-

mals, have finite knowledge, but we have no proof of any of them being limited in their capacities. For aught we know each and all of them may have capacities capable of receiving infinite knowledge. If we were to suppose that some of these beings are finite in their capacities, then there must be a certain limit beyond which they can never pass; for if they were capable of passing any assigned limits of knowledge, they would be capable of receiving a fullness of knowledge, which would be infinite.

The constitution of our minds is such that we cannot easily conceive of a being who is capacitated to perceive one truth, but unable to perceive another. It is true, there may be obstacles in the way, by which this being is prevented from acquiring a second truth; but remove all obstacles, and place the being in a favorable condition, the question is, could it not perceive a second, a third, a fourth, or even any number of truths, as well as the first? We can see no possible hindrance to its advancement in knowledge only by interposing obstacles in the way. If the capacity have an existence, which it must have in order to perceive one truth, we cannot conceive how that it could possibly be limited, so as never, under any circumstances, to be able to perceive another. We do not see why a faculty that is capable of discerning that two are more than one, cannot also discern that three are more than two. Some truths are more difficult to be perceived than others, but this is owing, not to the want of capacity, but to the obstacles which intervene between the capacity and the truth to be perceived. Let the intervening obstacles be removed, and the capacity that is able to perceive one truth could perceive further truth. Therefore, wherever a being exists that has any knowledge, however small the amount, that being has infinite capacities, capable of perceiving all things, past, present and to come, just as soon as the inter-

vening barriers are removed. We are aware that this idea is in opposition to the views of almost all mankind: they have been taught that the capacities, as well as the knowledge of all beings but God, were finite; and from the false premises they have drawn the conclusion that no beings could ever attain to the fullness of the knowledge of God. If the premises were granted the conclusions would be just; but the premises are without foundation and are evidently false. The capacities of men are not only eternal, but infinite, and he is capable of receiving infinite knowledge. And without infinite knowledge his capacities never will be satisfied.

It is frequently said by philosophers, that knowledge which is finite can never be increased so as to become infinite; but this is in direct opposition to fact: Our Savior when He came into the world, possessed only finite knowledge; hence He is represented as increasing in wisdom and stature. To increase in wisdom evidently proves that He was not at that time in the possession of all wisdom. His wisdom and knowledge were finite. But He afterwards attained a fullness, and as Paul says, "In whom (Christ) are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And again, "In Him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily." Col. 2: 3, 9. "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell." Col. 1: 19. John the Baptist bore record that he beheld His glory, and that he was "full of grace and truth." John 1: 14.

As we have one example of finite knowledge being increased to infinity, we have reason to believe that it may be the case in other instances. If the First-born, or oldest brother, has received a fullness, we see no impropriety in believing that the younger brethren may also receive the same fullness. Paul prayed that the Saints "might be filled with all the fullness of God." Eph. 3: 19. And Jesus prayed

that they all might be made perfect in one. John 27. When these prayers are answered, they will be in the Father and Son, and the Father and Son will be in them, and the Father and Son and all the Saints will be made perfect in one. Hence John says, "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him." I John 3: 2. For then He

shall "change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." Phillippians 3: 21: Then shall we be perfect.—Matt. 5: 48. Then shall we be pure as He is pure, and holy as He is holy; then shall we know as we are known, and see as we are seen: then shall we be heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ in the inheritance of all things; then shall knowledge in part be done away, and we shall know as we are known.

LETTERS TO MY BOY.

XV.

My Dear Son:

In this letter I hope to tell you something about a good working principle of life, that it is better to protect yourself by the practice of good acts, the speaking of kind words, and the daily attention to duties, and the respect for the authority of your parents and your religious leaders than it is to trust yourself to your ability to resist evil. One's individual powers of resistance, standing alone, are never very great. You get a beautiful lesson from the experience of the Apostle Peter when he boastfully declared his ability to withstand the attacks of those who were seeking the life of his Master. "I will lay down my life for Thy sake," are the words of Peter.

It is always dangerous to trust in your ability to withstand, or to endure temptations. You need help, the assistance of a guiding and a preserving power; and it is therefore better to trust yourself to God's mercies and preserving care by doing those things which He commands and approves than by supposing that you alone are any match for Satan in a contest that he may wage against you.

On one occasion, Jesus remarked to Peter, "That Satan had sought him that

he might sift him as chaff;" but Jesus informed Peter that he had prayed for him. Now Peter needed the help of an overruling Providence; without that help, Peter would be "sifted as chaff." You will learn later in life that standing alone, you are no match for either Satan or sin. What you want to do is to put yourself all through life on the right side of the great contending forces that are struggling for mastery in this world. Put yourself on God's side. He can help you.

Young people sometimes vainly imagine that there are really three positions in life that a young man may take. First that he may join himself with the friends of God; second, that he may select evil companions, third that he may stand alone. But men standing alone in this world are like nine pins, they are easily knocked over; so that after all you must expect that in the end you will belong to the army of good, or the army of evil. When I hear young men talk about standing alone, about relying on themselves, about doing their own thinking, about their ability to resist evil, I am reasonably certain that they are already making concessions to the evil one, among whose victims those who stand alone are really the easiest.

It is always better to be thinking of the

help you need and the protection you should have and then seek that help and protection by complying with the counsel and admonitions of your protectors, good men, and your God. Young men who answer the fears of their parents by saying, "Oh, you needn't worry about me, I am old enough and have sense enough to take care of myself," are among those who vainly imagine that they can wrestle successfully with evil. Of course, such young men are foolish; and when Satan takes hold of them, he "sifts them as chaff."

There is practically only one safe way in life, and that is a prayerful reliance on divine promise. Practice, therefore, all

the virtues you can, be obedient to parents, be loving to brothers and sisters, be kind to friends, be pure in your language, be chaste in your thoughts, be honest in your dealings, and these practices will bring you the support you need in the hours of temptation. Then, in conclusion, let me warn you to keep away from the resorts of the evil one and know as little about him as possible. Neither the knowledge of his ways, nor the companionship of his emissaries can ever do you any good. More or less of a knowledge of evil will be forced upon you, but don't learn any more than is necessary.

SISTER WOODMANSEE'S DEATH.

IN a series of sketches entitled "Some of our Poets," the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, in volume thirty-eight, published a sketch of the life of this gifted and noble woman. Her recent death, which occurred on Friday, October 19, 1906, calls forth another appreciative notice. Sister Woodmansee has done untold good for the children of the Latter-day Saints by writing songs and poems for them, always of a helpful and inspiring nature. And, not only the young but the middle aged and aged as well, have been wonderfully cheered and blessed by the uplifting and ennobling sentiments which have been the products of her fertile brain, her generous heart and her ready hand, for more than fifty years.

The following extracts are from lengthy poems written by Sister Woodmansee many years ago. They seem to emphasize the beauty and greatness of the author's soul, the sweetness and purity of the poet's life more than any words chosen by another could do. And it is a joy to those who knew her, to testify that she truly lived in

conformity to the high principles and lofty aims embodied in her writings.

FROM "FAITH AND WORKS."

See! The wilds so long forsaken, into life and bloom awaken—
'Tis the meed of Faith unshaken, the reward of labor, too.
Faith hath wrought this exultation, for the 'outcasts' of the nation;
Yea, through Faith "God favors Zion"—
Faith and Works can wonders do.

Faith's the fruit of revelation, Faith's the anchor of salvation;
Faith obtains from God a knowledge of the truth that cheers the soul;
Faith's the true appreciation of Christ's love and mediation;
Faith's the force of Truth within us, Faith's the power that makes us whole.

FROM "JOYFUL JUNE."

Still within the narrowest sphere,
Some there are both true and dear,
Some, with whom a heartfelt tear
May indeed be shed;
Some whose direful need demands

Loving words and helpful hands;
Happy he who understands,
To lift the drooping head.

Sympathy! thy heaven-born might
Lines the gloomiest clouds with light,
Turning oft to paths of right
Souls by sorrow bent;
Fate doth hold us so in thrall—
Is it strange some faint and fall?
Well it is the judge of all
Looks at the heart's intent.

Wherefore sing so sad a strain?
Hardest lessons learnt is gain;
Life is short and brief its pain;
Rest will come full soon;
Fairest chances fly away,
Why not use them while we may?
Though we cannot bid thee stay—
Thrice welcome, joyful June.

The sweet, trustful prophecy which is given in the fourth line of the last stanza quoted, has reached its fulfillment with the author; her dear soul is at rest.

The following tribute, appeared in the *Young Woman's Journal* soon after it was written.

TO SISTER EMILY H. WOODMANSEE.

March 24, 1893, her 57th Birthday.

A little child
With fancies wild;
A maiden full of healthful glee,
And bright thoughts surging to and fro;
One name alone
Before your own,
Was watched for eagerly by me,
And that dear name was E. R. Snow.

The Deseret News
I could but choose;
(Few periodicals we had
In which our authors' names appeared;)
And when it came,
If either name

I found, then was my spirit glad,
If both, my heart was doubly cheered.

How many times
Your hopeful rhymes,
So full of patient self-control,
Helped me to work as well as think;
Their wholesome hints,
Of roseate tints,
Oft amply fed my hungry soul,
Or quenched its thirst with nectar drink.

I'd name—(but which,
Where all were rich?)
Your "Children's Voices," (lovely dream!)
"Trials and Triumphs" (brave and grand;)
Your "Woman's Plea"
Enlightened me
Upon a subject then my theme,
And which I prayed to understand.

And many more,
Yea, by the score
Have good things issued from your hand,
Which stamp you one of God's true Saints;
When trials came,
'Twas still the same,
In loving faith your works were planned,
Grief wrung from you no weak complaints.

A gift like yours
Lives and endures,
To warm and gladden human hearts,
Like sunshine from a cloudless sky;
Or rainbow-blent
When storms are spent;
For love and truth your song imparts,
And truth and love will never die.

Still gladly sing,
Like bird on wing,
That catches sweets from every flower,
To tune its fresh notes, soft or bold;
Through all your years,
Through smiles or tears,
God's grace be with you every hour,
That heart and song may ne'er grow old.

Your sincere friend and loving sister,

L. L. Greene Richards.

GENTLY RAISE THE SACRED STRAIN.

A HYMN FOR FAST DAY.

Words by W. W. Phelps,

Music by Charles J. Thomas.

$\text{♩} = 72$ *Con espressione.*

p Gently raise the sacred strain, For the Sabbath's come a - gain, That man may

rest, And re - turn his thanks to God, For His blessings to the


mf *dim.* *pp* *rall.*
- blest, And re - turn his thanks to God, For His blessings to the blest.

2 Holy day, devoid of strife,—
Let us seek eternal life,
That great reward;
And partake the Sacrament
In remembrance of our Lord.

3 Sweetly swells the solemn sound,
While we bring our gifts around
Of broken hearts,

As a willing sacrifice,
Showing what His grace imparts.

4 Softly sing the joyful lay,
For the Saints to fast and pray,
As God ordains,
For His goodness and His love,
While the Sabbath day remains.



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - NOVEMBER 15, 1906

OFFICERS OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

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George Reynolds, - Asst. General Superintendent.

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD.

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George D. Pyper, - - -	General Secretary
George Reynolds - - -	Treasurer
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PROGRAM OF STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES FOR 1907.

MORNING SESSION, 10 O'CLOCK.

It is recommended that all Sunday Schools be held as usual during the time of the annual Stake Sunday School Conference. The department work can be omitted as a special program has been prepared for such occasions, and as many of the officers and teachers as can possibly be excused should be released to attend the conference. If the conference is obliged to meet in a place where Sunday School is usually held the following order is recommended:

Roll call of ward officers and teachers.
(Pupils' roll marked silently).

Song.

Prayer.

Minutes of previous school.

Song.

Sacrament.

A few words to the children by one of the visiting brethren.

Dismissal of the children by marching.

OFFICERS' AND TEACHERS' MEETING.

(To convene immediately upon the dismissal of the school).

Standing roll call of Stake Board and officers and teachers.

Consideration of written reports of ward superintendents.

(Blanks to be supplied by the General Board).

Paper: How to increase our attendance and promote a livelier interest in our meetings—by a member of the Stake Board.

Discussion of paper.

Remarks by members of the Stake Board.

Singing.

Benediction.

Where it can be done, it is desirable to hold the conference in a building separate and apart from that in which the Sunday School is held. The meeting then may begin with a standing roll call, followed by the usual opening exercises and the consideration of reports of ward superintendents. It is the purpose of the morning session to have a full, free, heart-to-heart talk with the Sunday School stake and ward officers and teachers. The presidency of the Stake and Bishops of the wards should be cordially invited to attend.

AFTERNOON SESSION—THE PUBLIC INVITED.

1.—Song.

2.—Prayer.

3.—Song.

[The administration of the Sacrament at this session is left to the discretion of the local authorities.]

4.—Presentation of stake authorities.

5.—Address by stake superintendent or one selected by stake superintendency.

6.—Class exercise.

7.—Song. (See JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, December 1, 1906).

8.—Address, "The Spirit in the Sunday School Work."

9.—Address—Parents' Classes by a member of the General Board.

10.—Remarks.

11.—Singing.

12.—Benediction.

SPECIAL SESSION—4 P. M.

Meeting with stake presidency, stake superintendency and Board, Bishops and Counselors, ward superintendents and assistants.

Instructions on the following subjects:

Ward Superintendents and Assistants Council Meetings.

Harmony. [Read article by President Joseph F. Smith on the subject, printed in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, page 16, vol. 39].

How to Present Authorities Effectively. The Dangers of Speculative Theology.

TWENTY-ONE VITAL POINTS.

Questions to be answered by ward Sunday School Superintendents.

[COPY OF BLANK.]

Note—Ward superintendents are requested to fill completely this blank and deliver the same to the stake superintendent not later than three days before the time of the annual Sunday School stake conference:

1. Does your school commence at 10 o'clock? If not at what time does it commence? What time does it close?
2. Do you hold a preliminary prayer meeting? At what time?
3. Is your janitorial service good?
4. Do you keep your school room well ventilated?
5. How many copies of the Deseret Sunday School Union Song Books have you? How many Hymn Books?
6. How many Latter-day Saint children are there in your ward over eight years of age who are not baptized?
7. When do you hold officers' and teachers' meetings?
8. Does your superintendency hold council meetings?
9. Is your school fully organized?

10. Are your officers and teachers in harmony?
11. Are you in harmony with the Stake Board?
12. Are you regularly visited by members of the Stake Board?
13. How many officers and teachers subscribe for the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR?
14. What percentage of your nickel fund was paid for 1906? State the amount
15. What steps have you taken to secure the attendance of all the children in your ward?
16. How often do you practice concert recitations in your school?
17. Is singing practice conducted each Sunday in your school?
18. Are you following the Sunday School Outlines in all the departments of your school? if not, why?
19. Have you a Sunday School library?..... If so, how many books does it contain, not including Hymn Books and Song Books?
20. What is the average attendance of your officers and teachers at the Stake Sunday School Union meetings?
21. Have you organized a Parents' department?



NICKEL FUND.

BEFORE three in the afternoon of Sunday, October 28, (Nickel Day) the General Treasurer had received his first remittance on 1906 Nickel Fund; that from the Granite Stake. This was immediately followed by remittances from Oneida, Wasatch and Davis Stakes.

RUSSIA.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 632.)



UBLIC attention is still attracted by conditions in Russia. The revolution slumbers for a time, but it is not dead.

The army—particularly the Cossacks,—which has largely remained loyal, as well as the courageous police, have made it possible for the government to ignore the Czar's manifesto of October 30, last. Since the issue of this manifesto, it has been officially estimated to

the end of April of the present year, 6,825 persons were exiled without civil trial, and this fact alone would discredit the government in the eyes of the moderate citizens.

The agrarian disturbances among the hitherto patient and seemingly good-natured peasantry, have in a number of places assumed the character of the medieval peasant wars. Nearly two thousand estates have been plundered and destroyed, and the violence of the peasantry found moral support in the Duma.

And even in the army matters are growing more unsatisfactory, that is, unsatisfactory to the governing classes. The growth of revolutionary ideas among the troops is causing the St. Petersburg government the most anxiety at present. The revolutionary propaganda has already obtained such a hold among the soldiers that not even an additional lump of sugar, an ounce of

the personality of these soldiers, as the army is one of the leading institutions in Russia. Every school boy in that great country has in mind the becoming one of that body, either as a common soldier or as one of higher rank. Parents, before the present upheaval, urged their children to their lessons with this thought in view, knowing that the better student will eventu-

ally take higher rank, and of course command a higher salary when the time comes for him to enter the army.

A traveler and a student of Russian people and customs says. "Nothing surprised me more than the physique and bearing of the Russian soldier. They are devoted to their officers, and work cheerily and well, and may be heard singing—and very well too—wherever they are in large numbers at work or on the march. They are anything but tidy and neat in dress or person, and slouch about in a manner which is evidently Russian. But nevertheless, they are not only men of fine physique, but much older and harder-looking than is generally the case with soldiers in other countries, and their natural way is to work uncomplainingly all day. An ordinary

Russian regiment would look



DON COSSACKS OF FORMER TIMES.

oap or the propaganda of the "Black Hundreds," or even the "explanatory" readings of proclamations by the officers, are strong enough to stop the disintegrating process in the army. Not a day passes without signs of disaffection among the soldiers. They usually, begin with a demand for a lump of sugar, or a bed-cover, but on the very next day, they go over to a rising against the existing regime.

Something might be said in regard to

shabby beside the regiments of many other countries, and its drill would be slacker; but in their powers of endurance, hard work and absence of grumbling, other armies have much to learn. I saw some splendid looking regiments in the Circassian army, soldiers of whom any nation might have been proud, and I may say the same of the regiments of Cossacks of the Don."

Russia carries on what might be called a gigantic system of education. The school

rates are exceedingly low, and are open to all classes, and nearly all Russian children are compelled to attend, unless physically

The students often do ten hours a day of hard work, with no exercise and no games to relieve the monotony of study, and in



PEASANT GIRLS, FINLAND.

exempted. It is a curiously democratic system for a nation that is supposed to be so thoroughly autocratic. Children of all classes mingle freely together in these gov-



GROUP OF RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

some schools the boys are in tight and stiff uniforms. The youth's own studies leave him little leisure, but what he has he devotes to teaching others. He is said



RUSSIAN QUARRYMEN.

ernment schools. A Russian town, no matter how small or how new, is never complete without its fort or barrack, its church, and its school.



A RUSSIAN MOUJIK (PEASANT) AND HIS CHILDREN.

to seize a text-book as an English boy might seize a cricket bat or racquet, and seems to fairly revel in his studies. He carries his book with him, and whenever

chance offers he is poring over it. He knows that he must face hard examiners "who will grind his brains to powder" before he can be admitted into some special institute which he has in view.

At home these same boys and girls live



RUSSIAN BOY AND PRIMITIVE SHRINE BY THE ROADSIDE.

a shut-up life, for the village homes of Russia are not much acquainted with ventilation at any season, and the stranger not accustomed to their method of heating their houses fairly boils, especially in their sleeping apartments. In many Russian homes the bed is made directly over the stove so that the sleeper may get all the heat there is. The people there however are in nowise particular about sleeping accommodation; in fact they seem able to recline anywhere, even in most uncomfortable positions, and manage to sleep. The students often study until past midnight, then roll up their stiff uniform coat for a pillow, and with two chairs placed together seem to get very sound sleep for a few hours, after which they arise

and again proceed with their studies.

Amusements among the young in Russia might be made very charming. The country is adapted for all the most delightful of winter sports, but there seems to be a lack of energy for them, even among the children. Skating is indulged in only if a pond happens to be near at hand, and snow-shoeing, a delightful exercise, is only engaged in by the few because it requires so much exercise. Occasionally some few groups of children may be seen at very simple games, but generally the young people seem awkward and backward in learning these things, and as the traveler there remarks, "it is well to take up one's abode in an adjoining parish, or to get behind a substantial building, say a church, while the game-playing Russian is practicing with balls or other missiles, if one would keep his head or limbs whole, so erratic are they in the early stages of initiation into the mysteries of any kind of pastime requiring skill."



WOMEN ENGAGED AS RAILWAY LABORERS.

KINDERGARTEN

Edited By Donnette Smith Kasler and Rebecca Morris.

FOURTH SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1906.

Thought for teacher: Thanksgiving.

1. Song—Good Morning to the Glad New Day.
2. Hymn—Thanksgiving Hymn.
3. The Lord's Prayer.
4. Song—Thanksgiving Song.
5. Morning Talk.

Who can tell me what holiday will be here next Thursday? Thanksgiving or "Thank You Day." So many things are getting ready for that day. (Have the children tell what are getting ready).

When Thank You Day comes what will we have to be thankful for? Let us each name something (homes, parents, clothes, fire, food, etc.).

Should we just say thanks on Thanksgiving Day? No, we should be thankful each day for what we have but on that day all the people in the land join together and give thanks to God. Those who have much should share with those who have little.

See morning talk, page 101 of this book.

6. Thanksgiving Story.

There was a good deal of hurry and bustle in the Blackburne household, in the city, on Thanksgiving morning, for mama and four excited little people were preparing to take the early train to the old-fashioned, cozy farm house where grandpa and grandma Stephens had raised their boys and girls.

At last the train came puffing into the depot. Handkerchiefs were waved and kisses thrown from the car window to papa, who was to follow later in the day—and

then everything seemed to be flying by as the train rushed on.

The ride was so full of interest to the children that it seemed no time at all until their stopping place was reached.

Out of the train into the large spring wagon, which was waiting near the platform, with faithful Jonas—grandpa's helper—to drive the horses, which were his pride, and on they went once more.

Such a jolly ride it was in the fresh country air, and as the horses turned down the long lane and occasional glimpses of the farmhouse could be seen through the trees, Frank could not keep from singing:

Over the river and through the wood,
Now Grandmother's cap I spy,
Hurrah for the fun!
Is the pudding done?
Hurrah for the pumpkin pie.

The other children—Florence, Arthur and little Mabel—joined in the song. And there at the door, sure enough, were grandmama and grandpapa ready to welcome them as only grandmamas and grandpapas know how.

The sunshine seemed to be streaming into the big roomy house through every window. Best clothes off—play clothes on and the children were ready to see everything on the farm.

First they took a peep into the kitchen but there was no room for children there. Aunt May was just lifting some delicious pumpkin pies from the oven; grandmama was preparing the dressing for the large turkeys, which were all ready for roasting, and all the big folks were busy, for the table must be set and so many things done by the time dinner was ready. As there was great danger of little toes being step-

ped on, after helping themselves to a rosy apple from the heaped bushel basket, the children hurried out through the open door and down the path leading to the barn. There they found Jonas who soon directed them to the chickens, ducks, turkeys, pigeons and all the other interesting creatures which are sure to be found on a farm like grandpapa's.

"The sheep are in the south pasture," said Jonas, "but you had better not go through the field where old Boss is for she is not used to children and I have just put her baby calf in the shed yonder." So saying Jonas shouldered his shovel and disappeared around the barn.

After everything at the barn had been visited the children started for the pasture, but it was a long way around by the orchard, and when the fence of the field where old Boss was, was reached, they stopped. The cow was nowhere to be seen, and it would be such a short cut through that way to the pasture, where the sheep could be plainly seen, so it was decided that they should take hold of hands and hurry through. All went well until the fish pond was reached, but there they stopped to admire the darting little creatures that seemed to be having such a merry time. All at once Florence raised her eyes and gave a cry of alarm, for coming toward them was old Boss, that had been entirely forgotten. A hasty glance told them that their only way of escape was to reach the shed close by against which a ladder was leaning. Frank, being the eldest, stood guard, while little Mabel, Arthur and Florence climbed to the roof, and he had just stepped from the ladder when old Boss stopped near by bawling for her baby calf which answered from within the shed.

For a long time they waited but the cow did not go away. Thinking to make her move on Frank shook the ladder which slipped from his hands and fell with a thump to the ground. "What shall we do

now! O dear! O dear!" the others cried. "Don't cry. Someone will come hunting for us pretty soon, for I know dinner must be nearly ready," said Florence who was always the comforter in times of trouble.

"The oven must be open now, I know I can smell the turkey," answered Arthur. Just think of mashed potatoes and turkey gravy, cranberry sauce, turnips, and, O my! laughed Frank smacking his lips.

"I would like des a piece of bread and butter," said little Mabel, and then they all looked serious, and Florence put her arm around her little sister very tenderly.

"Let's try calling for help, surely someone will hear us. I will try first." So saying Frank made a trumpet of his hands and called with all his might—then waited—but no answer. After a little they all called together—still no answer.

Through the trees they could catch glimpses now and then of someone hurrying to and fro. Ever so many uncles and aunts and cousins had arrived, and the train which was to bring papa had whistled long ago; still with so many people near the four little prisoners seemed to be quite forgotten.

"They must be eating dinner and everything tastes so good that they will never think of us!" cried Arthur. "Mama won't forget. She won't eat dinner wiveout her tildren," answered little Mabel, and then they all cheered up again.

"To day is Thanksgiving Day so let us talk of all the things we have to be thankful for, and I know help will soon come," said Florence. "I am sure we all feel thankful that we got up here without being hurt by old Boss!" "Yes," answered Frank, with a comical shake of the head. "Once thankful to get up here but twice thankful to get down again. Isn't that right?"

While remembering their blessings their troubles were all forgotten and then—what was that? Yes, it was papa's voice call-

ing them. Papa was coming at last. With shouts of joy the prisoners were rescued and carried in triumph back to the house.

Was there ever such another feast of good things as was enjoyed on that Thanksgiving Day? There are four people who think not. At first they were too hungry to talk, but after their experiences of the day had been told they joined in the merrymaking and thanksgiving which filled the old farmhouse, making the oldest there feel young again.

7. Rest Exercise.

Visiting game — Meeting friends on Thanksgiving Day.

8. Bible Story.

Choose your own story.

9. Children's Period.

10. Closing Song. Prayer. March out.

A COUNTRY THANKSGIVING.

I.

Harvest is come. The bins are full;
The barns are running o'er;
Both grains and fruits we've garnered in
Till we've no space for more.

We've worked and toiled through heat and cold,
To plant, to sow, to reap;
And now for all this bounteous store
Let us Thanksgiving keep.

II.

The fruits have ripened on the trees,
The golden pumpkins round,
Have yielded to our industry
Their wealth from out the ground.
The cattle lowing in the fields,
The horses in their stalls,
The sheep and fowls all gave increase,
Until our very walls
Are bending out with God's good gifts.
And now the day is here
When we should show the Giver that
We hold those mercies dear.

III.

We take our lives, our joys, our wealth,
Unthanking every day;
If we deserve or we do not,
The sun it shines away.
So in this life of daily toil,
That leaves short time to pray,
With brimming hearts let's humbly keep
One true Thanksgiving Day.
And if there be some sorrowing ones
Less favored than we are,
A generous gift to them, I think,
Is just as good as prayer.

VARIETIES.

How poor are they who have no patience.

Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next.—*Young.*

Those who shirk from facing trouble, find that trouble comes to them.

As a moth gnaws a garment, so doth envy consume a man.—*Chrysostom.*

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out are the moments when you have done things in the spirit of love.

The good things of life are not to be had singly, but come to us with a mixture; like a schoolboy's holiday, with a task affixed to the tail of it.

We would do well to get our kindnesses done while they will do good, giving cheer and encouragement, and not keeping them back till there is no need for them.

The true happy man is not made by a pleasant and sunny course. Hard tasks, deferred hopes, the beating of adverse winds, must enter into his composition here below, as they will finally enter into his song on high.

GENERAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 663.)

ELDER EVAN STEPHENS.

My brethren and sisters, I want to tell you that I was not originally on the program, but partly requested to have this privilege of speaking to you upon one part of the subject at least, and I hope that the subject will be of some use and good to you. It is "Singing Classes and the Sabbath School."

The time that the Sabbath Schools have to practice their songs is necessarily very limited. Ten or fifteen minutes is not more than is absolutely necessary to learn the songs to be sung at the Sunday School. I think it would be well for Sunday Schools to encourage singing classes, for the more systematic training of the children, where they can be taught more about singing than is practicable during the session of the school. Particularly would this be of use in teaching the little folks to sing the parts, something that our community needs very much, and upon which our musical progress in the future will greatly depend. A community that will grow up and not know how to fully harmonize the voices of its members in part singing will be defective in its musical education. I believe that if you search thoroughly you will find in nearly every community a man or a woman capable of teaching your little folks, and that it will be worth your while, if possible, to have a singing class in every settlement. I am a strong advocate of this. I believe that much of the progress we have made in music has come through singing classes.

I find that the people all over the country today are waking up to the necessity of singing classes. For a while the singing schools were thought to be out of date and were out of fashion, and they were somewhat dropped, but people have found that the masses do not get educated in

music when it is left to private teachers, and the result is that today in our larger cities a great deal of effort is being made to have singing classes opened both for the children and adults, and musicians are reaching the conclusion all the world over that the people are right in this. I was going to say that in these classes the alto particularly could be taught to the children in spare time between other lessons, and then the Sunday Schools could keep track of what is being done, and use these children to improve their singing.

I very heartily advocate congregational singing in the Sunday Schools. The Sunday School Union, I am positive, is taking the right action in this matter, and I understand that it is done almost to the entire discouragement of having choirs in the schools, and I believe that conditions justify this. Train all the children to sing. It is well to have a choir, but in nearly all such cases it takes the attention of the leader to direct the few and not the many. Let us remember this.

I want to tell you what we are doing here in the four Salt Lake City stakes. This, I am aware, will seem like advertising my own work. I can't help that; if it is going to do you good, I cannot allow myself to be so modest that I may not speak of what I am doing, for fear of advertising. I think I should advertise what I am doing as much as possible, so that you will do likewise.

Each of the four stakes of Salt Lake City has a children's singing class. At present the four classes are meeting together in the Assembly Hall, every Monday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Six hundred little folks have already enrolled, and others will follow. Many of them come direct from the day schools, and numbers walk from nine to ten blocks to get here, and it don't hurt them a bit. It is well for them

to get a little fresh air after having been in the school room all day. When they get here we see them all put to work. It is possible that we might divide the class up, so as to hold one in each stake, and let each stake have its meeting place. This is a question that we have not decided upon, as to which is best this winter. There is one point that has had a bearing upon this, it is the centralization of our efforts to teach our little folks to come to the tabernacle block, though it is not a bad one to teach them to go to the stake house, if there is one, although I think there is a tendency today, in practice, not to get the children in the habit of coming to these grounds, where they may hear the great voices that we have here. I mean the great sermons as well as the great singing that we sometimes have. I think there is a thousand of our young people who are not familiar with our meetings here, because they have not acquired the habit of coming. We are creatures of habit. If we do not form a habit of going to a place, we never go there; and I think when I do not see some of our young people in our afternoon meetings, it is because they have not formed the habit of coming, and they lose the sermons that we have here from the Apostles and others. For this reason I think it is a good plan to get the little folks to meet in the Assembly Hall. But while we have them here once in a while, once a week, they ought to be used in the Sunday Schools in the wards where they live.

The plan that we have attempted financially is this: The little folks pay a dollar a year for their instruction, or for the class ticket that admits them for the school year, once a week. For this dollar, in order that the parents may not be out of anything, and at the same time that the parents may be almost compelled, I was going to say, to show their interest in the little folks' work by listening to the per-

formances that they give, we give them two tickets for a concert in this Tabernacle. Each ticket is worth 50 cents.

Next spring I expect to have from six hundred to a thousand singers, who will all be here to sing for you. That will be their class concert. Each child has two tickets for this concert, that he gets for his dollar. We in this way return them their dollar, so substantially the class is free. Then in addition to this, to help matters along, we have been giving one concert ticket to the stake for every child attending from that stake, to do as they pleased with; only I am going to ask them this year not to give them away, as that makes it impossible for the little folks to sell their tickets; and I like the little folks to sell their tickets and get their dollar back, especially if their parents do not come. More than this, we try to arrange an excursion or two, where the little folks have an outing free. So you see for the dollar they pay in, we give them back about two dollars. Still the teacher does not have to teach for nothing; I am enabled to pay for assistance and help, and to be paid something for my work. Now, I think that is a fair arrangement. Think it over, and see if you can do likewise.

The work that we do was shown last fall, when we had four songs, like you have had tonight. Our little folks during the winter mastered every one of these songs thoroughly, so that every child in the class could sing them in parts, either treble or alto. You know I don't have my altos here and my trebles there, opposite, but I teach all the children to sing alto and all treble. All I have to say is, turning to one division, "Let us sing alto now, and this other division will sing treble," and then I change them about. This develops the child's voice properly. A child singing treble all the time is likely not to develop so well in the low notes, while a person singing alto all the time is liable

not to develop the higher notes of the voice. It injures the voice just as much to sing treble as alto, if sung all the time. You should sing different parts to develop the voice. It does the child good to sing alto, but it should not be kept singing alto all the time, and it should not sing too loud.

In addition to these four songs, we sing the four songs that were written on the anniversary of the birth of the Prophet Joseph Smith. There are eight in addition to those. We sing, for instance, the "Cause of Truth," generally considered a rather hard song to sing, and the little folks sing it very well, too. Our little folks do some other singing also. They have sung here in the Tabernacle three times, I think, at different meetings, and they have given their concert. What we do, I feel sure that you can do to a certain extent, if you will. Don't lack confidence in your musicians. I know I had twelve, boys and girls, if you please—ten young men and two ladies—two or three years ago at the Latter-day Saints' University who took the Conductors' course for one winter, and I know that every one of them has been busy, doing good work with the children and with classes—some more busy than others, of course; that depends upon the interest that is taken or how they are encouraged in the different places they have gone to. I wish with all my heart that we could get a Conductors' class in every Church school that we have, and that in the next three years five hundred people would attend and take a Conductors' course. We need conductors.

Let me say a word to you about our little boys. I find parents here in Salt Lake that are slow in getting their little boys to attend singing class. They send me now four or five girls to every boy they send me. I think that is a great mistake. Your boys need a training. They need the moral training and influence more than the girls do. They need it for use in after

life. We want to get rid of this habit of hundreds of men standing up to sing with their mouths shut, thinking they can't sing. I want also to impress upon your minds that your boys should be started to singing class when they are not much more than eight years of age. The boy's voice will most likely fail him more or less when he is between thirteen and fourteen, and he should be taught thoroughly to sing before he gets to that age. Now as to the thirteen or fourteen year old boy. Keep the boys singing softly—do not let them stop at that time, but put your whole influence to keep them singing. Don't tell me they can't sing if they are kept singing at that age. You have heard a young man, getting old now, singing here this afternoon, and how sweetly he sang! He sang all the time during the period of his voice changing—he never stopped singing. He sang treble, then he sang alto, then he sang baritone; and he has never paid for one voice culture lesson in all his life; while many of our singers have spent thousands of dollars, and I doubt if they are very much ahead of him today. Think of it, the musical part of our life is of great importance to us, my brethren and sisters, in many ways.

There are subjects of great importance in our musical line. President Smith touched on one of them very gently the other day. He mentioned Berlin only. It is far from me to say that our young people should not go away to get an education that they cannot get at home; but it is certainly foolish to go away from home to get anything that you can get at home. And there is something sadly the matter with our young people when they have been a long way from here and cannot come back and teach our boys and girls. Everybody that wants a sip of water don't have to travel a mile or two to get a bucketful. What is the use of our young people going away and getting educated


musically if they cannot train the others when they come home? There is a tendency, as soon as young men or young ladies can sing pretty well, and have been praised a little, they are dying to get away, and in many cases they are not content to stay at home any more; and out of all the talent that we have sent out into the world, I don't believe we have one yet who has made fame or money enough, if money was sufficient, to pay for being separated from our community, and if they come they do so because we are glad to see them come home, and they are glad to come and see us; but they are not contented with home. We are glad to see them stay at home, even if they think it means failure. It is useless for you to grieve, if you are going to send them forth to the great cities of the world to study, and have them long for the time when they are great singers to return home. O no, that is not human nature. If they ever become great singers they want the world for it. There isn't much use for a great singer at home, from the artist's standpoint. They have to have something more than fame and money-making in mind if they stay at home. Remember that those who are doing splendidly with us now do not think it is entirely due to the fact that they have been in Paris or Berlin or London. The fact is, they have natural talent, and they would have been magnificent singers, like Brother Ensign is, if they had stayed at home. Many of our singers get along very well, and I believe more of them would if they would remain at home. Now I do not say this with the intention of casting any reflection upon those who have gone away. They have gone with a good purpose, and they have gone and done a good work. Now encourage those who have come back to live to impart to your boys and girls all they have learned, and then, if they will think, perhaps they will feel they have got something to stay at home for.

I want to take advantage of this great audience. I want to know what my boys and girls are doing in the community, I want them to please report to me. I am writing and collecting an account of this kind of work. Have you ever attended a class or a choir under my direction, send your name and state briefly what you are doing in music now, or what you have done since attending such class or choir, and, if possible, mention briefly to me, what portion of the lesson you have received from me has been of most use to you. In this way I believe we can gather information that will be of use to the class teacher of the future. I am not always going to teach, but seeing that I have taught for about twenty-one years, I should like to know what my students are doing in the community. You need not be so modest about it as not to send your name. We want the choir leaders. I want to know how many of them are teaching, how many of them are leading Sunday Schools and how many of them are choir leaders and active in any way, and I want the names of everyone who has studied music with me. I also want to get the names of all members of the Tabernacle choir; we want the history of the Tabernacle choir as an organization, and have it compiled and left with the Church Historian. I believe nothing has yet been done to keep a correct history of our musical progress. Let me have your help and co-operation in this.

The congregation sang, "Zion prospers, all is well,"* and conference adjourned for six months. Benediction by Elder Henry Rolapp.

Reported by Elder F. E. Barker.

* The singing by the congregation at this meeting showed plainly that the great majority of those present were not acquainted with "Zion Prospers, All is Well" and "The Songs of Zion," the other hymns were sung admirably and with much spirit and precision. The two above mentioned should be practiced in the Sunday Schools until thoroughly known.—ED.



OUR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY LOUISA L. GREENE RICHARDS.

Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

A SONG FOR THANKSGIVING.

A song for Thanksgiving. The corn's garnered in,

The wealth of the wheat-field is safe in the bin;

The cellar is fragrant with odors that rise
From Greenings and Sweetings and plump
Northern Spys;

There's the hay in the loft; there is wood at the door;

Of all things there's plenty, and shall we ask more?

Nay, not so, my neighbor, be thankful, and pay

Earnest tribute to God for His mercies today.

A song for Thanksgiving. Today they will come

To gather once more by the hearthstone of home.

The "boys" and the "girls" who can never forget

The place that is home of all homes to them yet.

They will gather today round the bounty-spread board,

And each heart will be glad and give thanks to the Lord

For blessings that sprang up like flowers by the way,

And gladdened the hearts that are grateful to-day.

A song for Thanksgiving. The "boys" and the "girls"

Who have frost on their temples and snow in their curls,

Bring back to the old home their girls and their boys,

And the old rafters ring with their frolic and noise.

But grandfather laughs with them over their fun,

And grandmother smiles at the mischief that's done,

And it seems that all hearts have forgotten the gray,

And grow young in the gladness of Thanksgiving Day.

A song for Thanksgiving! The old clock strikes one;

There's a stir and excitement, the turkey is done!

It steams on the board and makes fragrant the air

With odors a rose might be happy to share.

The gold of the pumpkin gleams out in a pie
That makes little mouths water and gladdens the eye

Of the old boys and girls. Oh, be thankful I say,

For God's best day of all—and that's Thanksgiving Day.

Selected.

THE BOY SHOEMAKER OF BERRYVILLE.

XLIII.

Look how he laughs and stretches out his arms,
And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,

To hail his father; talk not of pain!

The childless might well envy thee

The pleasures of a parent.

LORD BYRON.

A Wonderful Surprise. Carl Finds His People.

"AND this is London, the largest city in the world, and we are really here! How strange it seems, mama," said Nannie, as the company entered the hotel where they had decided to put up.

They all had to go to the clerk and register their names, each one separately.

Nannie was now so far recovered from her injuries that she walked with a crutch, but being unaccustomed to it, she kept

near to some of the others for fear of an accident by slipping or falling. With her father and mother, she went to the counter and registered, and then they were shown to their rooms. Others of their company went on registering, but Teddy and Carl were looking after the baggage and did not enter the place of registry until a few moments later. Together they approached the counter.

Teddy was thinking of Maud, that she might be needing him, and that he must hasten to her. He did not notice that he almost rushed in front of a man who was about to reach the desk and write his name. The gentleman very politely held back and allowed Ted to seize the pen and register, and then the "young married man" was away like a flash, not waiting for Carl to sign, and go with him.

Carl and the gentleman looked at each other and smiled and each nodded for the other to take the pen and write.

They both told afterwards that a strange thrill of recognition passed through their beings the instant their eyes met, something they might never have recalled to mind but for the wonderful developments which followed.

"You would like to accompany your companion, would you not?" asked the gentleman, still hesitating instead of taking his opportunity for registering.

"Seniority in years should be considered, I think, rather than a younger man's convenience," answered Carl, in his usual way of kind thoughtfulness.

And then, to end so unheard of an interruption in the registry business of the hotel, the gentleman took up the pen and wrote his name, while Carl, drawn by some irresistible influence, intently watched him.

Instead of taking the pen which was then offered him, Carl seized the man's arm with both hands.

"You have registered for *me* instead of yourself, sir! You have written *my name*!"

Carl exclaimed in a very low but strangely excited voice.

The two men looked into each other's eyes then, with a singular fascination.

"Register!" said the gentleman, recalling Carl to himself. "Register, and then we will step aside, out of other people's way."

Carl wrote as he was directed, and the elder man saw that they had each written precisely the same name, "Carlos Hetherley."

"Come with me to my room, will you?" the gentleman asked. And without hesitancy or excuse, Carl followed him. They entered the room assigned to the man, and he closed the door. They were alone.

The two men, strangely alike, looked at each other steadily now, and the spirit of recognition increased within them.

"The name, 'Carlos Hetherley,' was never given to but one person besides myself, so far as I know," said the gentleman. "That one was my baby boy, who was lost with his mother at sea, twenty years ago."

"It was my father's name," began Carl. "And twenty years ago he was blown up on a vessel that caught fire——"

"No, no, no! My child, my child!" exclaimed the senior Hetherley, throwing his arms around his son. "The captain and I were both rescued by a brave man-of-war, before the burning ship was blown to pieces. But we never heard of the boat that you and your mother were in, and supposed all on it were lost."

"Father! my father, the same that mother loved so much!" cried Carl between sobs of excited joy.

"Oh! where is that mother, my boy?" sobbed out Mr. Hetherley.

"In heaven," Carl answered. "Both she and her father are dead."

"Thank the Lord for directing you to me at last, my son! For although I must still wait on for the happiness of seeing your blessed mother, it is much, even sufficient

for the present, that you are returned to me!" And again the two men embraced, and wept on each other's necks.

Long and unreservedly they talked, telling each other the more important events of their lives during the twenty years of their separation. Carl learned that his grandfather Hetherley was still living, a hail and well preserved old gentleman, and that his son lived with him, and had not married a second time.

They were interrupted at length by Dr. Highland, who came to the room in search of Carl. And the doctor, after an introduction to the senior Hetherley, and a very few convincing words as to the relationship existing between him and Carl, said emphatically,

"It requires no argument to prove to a reasonable person that you are father and son. Your appearance shows too distinct a likeness to allow a doubt of what you say. So come, Carl, and present this most marvelous and delightful discovery of yours to the rest of our company. They are altogether now, in their parlor, and some of them are growing anxious about you."

Every one of the company readily agreed with Dr. Highland in the decision that, so strong a resemblance existed between the two Carlos Hetherleys as to cause the relationship of father and son to be easily guessed, even if it were not explained. And all were glad and grateful for Carl's wonderful good fortune.

Nannie shrank shyly away when it came her turn to be introduced to the fine, distinguished looking gentleman, even if he was Carl's father; partly on account of her crippled condition, but more, perhaps, because of a strange misgiving which came to her with the thought that this new condition of things might bring about a separation between Carl and herself.

Carl noticed her discomforted manner and understood its meaning. And as soon

as he could he excused himself to his father, and drawing Nannie aside, told her briefly but positively that she must not allow herself to be fearful in the least, for the joy of finding his father could not in any way interfere with his love for her, or his determination to marry her as soon as she should be well enough over her injuries.

Nannie knew she could depend on every word Carl said to her, and she put away the feeling of dread, and was happier than ever in the new and great happiness which had come so unexpectedly to her lover.

Mr. Hetherley was at the hotel for the convenience of meeting business men. The next day he took Carl with him to attend to some business which he was in London to see after. Then they drove to Glen Arbor, a country seat of the Hetherleys, where Carl was to meet his grandfather.

As they were riding along Carl spoke of the time when they had gone to bid good-bye to his grandfather Hetherley, before they went onto the ship, and remembered, because his mother had often told him about it, that his grandfather would have liked then, to have kept him.

"It will be a wonderful and glad surprise to him to meet you now, Carl," said his father. "It will not do for you to get in his way as you did in mine last evening. He is very old, you know, and although strong and well for his years, he might be overcome by so strange a revelation as your appearing before him suddenly would be. I'll have to prepare him for it before you go in."

Glad? Grandfather Hetherley fairly screamed with delight, and danced about the room for joy before his son had carefully uttered three sentences in the way of tenderly acquainting him with the great good which had suddenly come to them.

"He is alive! alive! That bonny, blue-eyed boy that I so rashly sent away to his death! He has breasted the ocean, weathered its storms, and has come back to us

a hero—a hero! And his mother, his brave, sweet mother! Where is she? Is it possible that I shall have the unspeakable pleasure of putting myself right with her? Bring them in, bring them in and let me apologize for my ungraciousness in sending them away. Bring them here, my son, quick, quick!" cried the old gentleman in breathless eagerness.

"Don't get so excited, if you can help it, father," said the son, gently. "We shall not see the boy's mother; my beloved and lovely Nannie is really dead. But our boy lives, and has come to us. Will you see him at once?"

"See him? Yes indeed! Bring him here immediately," replied the elder Mr. Hetherley, quieting himself and sitting down.

And Carl was ushered into his grandfather's presence without any further ceremony, and they embraced and kissed and wept with each other, and the grandfather said he believed he felt about the same that Jacob did when his son Joseph was restored to him.

Then the three men talked of many things, and by and by Carl's grandfather asked him if his father had told him that in time he would inherit an earldom.

Carl answered that he had not, and, perhaps showed so little concern in the matter that his grandfather wondered at his lack of enthusiasm, and said to him:

"There will be many things for you to learn, Carl; much that will broaden your ideas and awaken your appreciation of the great and noble things in life that are worth living and striving for."

"Yes, grandfather," said Carl, "I know there is very much for me to learn as I go through this world. But there are some things I learned very early in life, of my dear mother and her father, my other grandfather. And I have proven the worth of these lessons, and know they are and always must be right.

"Let us hear what you refer to, son," said his father, with pleased admiration.

"The lesson which has helped me as much, perhaps more than any other which was impressed upon my soul in my infancy and childhood, is this: That to be honest and truthful under all circumstances, kind and considerate of every one's feelings, and industrious and ambitious to earn a good living wherever you may be placed on the earth, will win the truest respect and surest happiness of anything that man may strive for."

"That's fine for so young a man," chuckled the grandfather. "You've got brain enough to get learning and understanding of the best sort, and heart enough to temper it. Have you any decided plans laid in regard to your future career?"

"I think I have," Carl answered. "At least I have one very great and serious plan upon which I am fully decided."

"Let's hear it, will you?" from his father.

"I am engaged to marry Mr. George Mathews' youngest daughter," said Carl.

"That little beauty that walks with a crutch?" enquired his father.

"The same," replied Carl. "Her lameness is but temporary, caused by a sprain."

"Bring her here! Bring her here at once," cried the elder Mr. Hetherley, the Earl, we may now call him, for such Carl's grandfather had been created years before. "Bring the girl here. My physician has the best cures for lameness, sprains and all such things in the world. See how supple he keeps me." And the old gentleman capered about and went through several deft movements to show how free his limbs were from stiffness.

"You want to see the young American woman who is to be my wife, do you, grandfather?" Carl asked brightly.

"Certainly I do!" was the response. "I've had some hard lessons to learn in this life myself. I know I shall love the girl that loves you and that you love, Carl.

I've wanted your father to love and marry a second time, but he could not. Bring your girl here, my boy, and we'll have her lameness cured at once."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



LETTER-BOX.

Good Water to Drink.

SODA SPRINGS, IDAHO, Oct. 14, 1906.

I have been thinking to write to the children for some time.

I go to Sunday School and every-day school. I have a nice pony. I have a cousin named Milton. He has a pony too, and we sometimes go riding together.

We have several nice soda springs here, and the water is good to drink.

My papa is one of the Sunday School superintendents of the Bannock Stake. If this letter is not too long, I will write again sometime. I am eight years old.

NEWEL HORSLEY.



Answer to Charade.

ELBA, IDAHO, October, 1906.

We have guessed Ada Condie's charade published in the JUVENILE for October 15, and have found the answer to be William T. Jack, the name of our dear Stake President.

ORSON E. WARD, 10 years old.

LOREN WARD, 8 years old.

You did not get your charade quite right, boys, and you should choose subjects of more general interest.—ED.



An Aged Grandmother.

CIRCLEVILLE, PIUTE CO., UTAH.

September 29, 1906.

I have read the letters in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR and have thought many times of writing to the Little Letter-Box.

I have a great-grandmother who was

eighty years old the 12th of last March. She is the mother of twelve children, five girls and seven boys, and her name is Sarah Sweet Sudweeks.

I attend Sabbath School very regularly, also Primary. I have five sisters and one brother.

My father has been on a mission to the Southern States. His name is Joseph Johnson. I am eleven years old.

ALTA M. JOHNSON.



LARGEST CITIES IN THE WORLD.

THE following are some of the largest cities in the world with their populations, according to the latest official censuses:

Cities.	Population.
London	6,581,372
New York.....	4,014,304
Paris	2,714,068
Berlin	1,888,848
Chicago.....	1,873,880
Tokio, Japan.....	1,818,655
Vienna.....	1,674,957
Philadelphia.....	1,367,716
St. Petersburg	1,313,390
Constantinople	1,125,000
Moscow.....	1,092,360
Calcutta.....	1,026,987



A SIMPLE TEST.

SOME visitors who were being shown over a pauper lunatic asylum enquired of their guide what method was employed to discover when the inmates were sufficiently recovered to leave.

"Well," replied he, "you see, it's this way. We have a big trough of water, and we turns on the tap. We leave it running, and tells 'em to bail out the water with pails until they've emptied the trough."

"How does that prove it?" asked one of the visitors.

"Well," said the guide, "them as ain't idiots turns off the tap."



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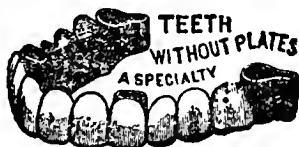
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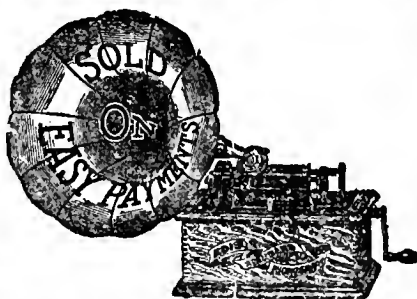
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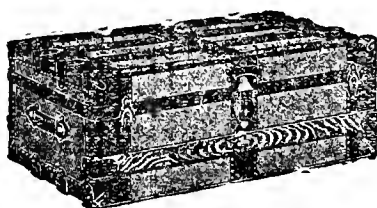
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